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THE ONLY WAY OUT.

DURING THE CAMPAIGN two years ago, Senator Cannon spoke at Huntsville in the senatorial candidate. While he was giving Senator Rawlins' record and dwelling on his high standing in the senate, some hoodlums in the audience called out to know why Smoot should not be elected. Cannon paused in his eulogy of Senator Rawlins just long enough to point his finger at the questioner and say: "Because we've had trouble enough."

If no other reason were offered for the defeat of the Republican ticket in Utah this year, that one would be enough: "Because we have had trouble enough."

Senator Cannon saw clearly the natural, the inevitable result of the Provo apostasy. He had been in the United States senate himself as an honored representative of this state; he knew the temper of the senate, its high regard for the traditions of the fathers which repressed anything like a union of political and religious forces in affairs of state; he anticipated the storm that would be raised and he had the courage to tell this people his fears.

Senator Smoot, and his coteries ridiculed the predictions then made as the fevered imaginings of partisans; he and his associates apparently believed that he could be the first and only man in all American history to unite high ecclesiastical and political office in one personality and go unscathed of attack.

The very presumption of the man was enough to show his ignorance of Anglo-Saxon history in its long struggle for emancipation from church domination in civil affairs; it was enough to demonstrate his entire and child-like inability to comprehend the temper of the American people. Worse than that, it showed his willingness to stake the prosperity of Utah, its reputation in the land, its internal peace, all these he was willing to risk—and for what?

Was any issue involved so great that this risk to Utah was justified? Did Smoot's eloquence, his knowledge of public affairs, his experience offer compensation for the hazards he thrust upon his state by his election? Was there any crisis, immediate or remote, which called for the elevation of Smoot in particular, or any high ecclesiastical in general? Was there a single reason of any kind, special or general, demanding Smoot's selection for the highest office in the gift of Utah, except Smoot's own consuming ambition to thrust himself forward as the Richelieu of his church and his party?

Common honesty and the sequence of events can give but one answer to that question.

The unhappy consequence of this ambition gratified needs no recapitulation. Every citizen of Utah knows it; every citizen of every faith and every calling has had it ground into him whether he has gone east or west or north or south, or whether he has staid at home. The question for solution, the question that will not down is, what are we going to do about it? We have had trouble enough; what shall we do to stop it?

It is unnecessary to discuss Smoot's individuality—that is not an issue, but his political ambition is, and it will be an issue just so long as he is allowed to intrude his apostolic office into political affairs here or in Washington. The Herald has said, and it repeats, that Senator Smoot's individual life is all that could be desired; his business integrity is unquestioned; his social and family relations are above reproach. But—and this cannot be emphasized too much—his political ambition has already injured the state beyond calculation and unless he is eliminated from politics in this state that injury will be trebled and quadrupled and perpetuated.

If the situation were viewed only from a partisan standpoint, the Democracy of Utah could afford to encourage Smootism, since it offers every hope of Democratic success; but as patriotic citizens of Utah, Democrats and Republicans alike owe this state the immediate and final repudiation of the polls of Smoot and all that Smootism means.

TO TEACH HUMANENESS.

THE TEACHING of humaneness is to be begun, shortly, we are given to understand, in the public schools of Salt Lake. Perhaps a better way of putting it would be to say that the children are to be taught that the cruel treatment of animals is one of the most degrading practices in which they can indulge. Children are savages as a

rule, but they are savages only to the extent that they are extremely thoughtless.
Your small boy thinks nothing of attaching a tin can to the tail of a homeless dog. He nearly bursts with merriment when he sees the unhappy animal dash madly down the street, fairly shrieking in fright and anger. It doesn't occur to the boy that the dog suffers terribly by such treatment. All he can see is the ludicrous spectacle. If the boy could be brought to an understanding of what his fun means to the dog he would find some other method of diverting himself.

When a full-blooded youngster sees a cat sunning itself on a fence the temptation to shoo a stone at it is almost overpowering. Sometimes the stone hits the cat and the tortured animal drags itself away with a broken leg, broken ribs, a cut in its head, a mangled eye. Perhaps it perishes miserably in a corner while its owner, for all we know a child whose all it is, mourns the absence of the pet, grieves over its disappearance. The boy who threw the stone goes whistling on his way. If you were to call him a little barbarian he would be shocked, if he happened to know what the word "barbarian" meant.

Boys have what they call "flippers." A "flipper" is a contrivance consisting of rubber bands fastened to a forked stick, the ends of the bands connected with a strip of leather. It is possible, if the rubber is strong enough, to throw a small stone or a bullet from a "flipper" with force enough to do considerable damage. Many a harmless bird has been killed by them, many an innocent animal has been tortured.
The boys, and the girls, too, often enough, stand in need of instruction in humanity. They don't mean to be cruel; they don't understand how cruel they are. A proper course of teaching will do much toward enlightening them. There is no reason why a boy should not be manly and humane at the same time. Indeed, the manliest boys are the humane boys, the boys who remember that even the lowest animals have the power to suffer and who prevent them, as far as they can, from suffering.

It would be a good idea to organize juvenile branches of the State Humane society in the schools, to give children prizes for relieving animal suffering, to frown down on cruelty of any character.

ABSTINENCE AND LONGEVITY.

"HOW ABSTINENCE PAYS" is the title of a little pamphlet received recently by The Herald. The author attempts to show, and he does show, that abstinence from intoxicants pays higher dividends in health, wealth and happiness than any other form of self-denial. Especially interesting are the mortality tables taken from the report of a life insurance actuary who has made a careful study of the subject. Comparisons are made, not between excessive drinkers and total abstainers, for excessive drinkers cannot secure life insurance, but between total abstainers and moderate drinkers.
The table shows, for the cases investigated, that the deaths among moderate drinkers between the ages of 20 and 30 years were heavier by 11 per cent than among the total abstainers. Between 30 and 40 years of age the difference in favor of the total abstainers were 68 per cent. Between 40 and 50 the difference was 74 per cent, still in favor of the abstainers. Between 50 and 60 the abstainers were 42 per cent better off, and between 60 and 70 the difference was 19 per cent.

The figures show conclusively, therefore, that the man who drinks not at all has a far better chance to arrive at mature years than the man who drinks moderately. The small percentage of difference between the ages of 20 and 30 years is accounted for by the habit of drinking, even in moderation, can hardly be said to be fixed until after the individual has passed the age of 30 years. But even then there was a difference.

It will be generally conceded, we believe, that the average man's period of real usefulness and influence, his greatest capacity for work, lies between the ages of 30 and 60 years. It will be noted that the average of deaths of moderate drinkers during those years is 61-1-3 per cent less than among the moderate drinkers. That is to say, out of every 100 deaths of men between the ages of 30 and 60 years, something like sixty-three are moderate drinkers and thirty-seven are total abstainers, a proportion of not far from two to one.

There are enough other reasons why men should not drink at all, but these figures are more illuminating than anything of the kind we have recently come across.

It's too bad, I say it's too bad that Orson Hewlett was defeated for that senatorial nomination.

The gentlemen who were defeated in the Republican convention for various nominations will feel after the election that God was good to them, after all.

Judge Powers is making the walking ring around St. George. Your Uncle Orlando is just the boy to do that sort of thing, if anybody should interrupt you with an inquiry.

The coldest September day in the history of Philadelphia was reported last week. Of course it is merely a coincidence that Senator Fairbanks spoke there that day.

Yes, Best Beloved, we believe Harry Joseph would get off the ticket, feeble though his chance for election is, if he were required to give a bond to talk in a whisper throughout the legislative session.
"The American party is already reaping its victories; one at least of these being won even before its birth," says a contemporary. Now, do you believe there's such a thing as pre-natal influence?

POLITICAL POINTERS.

BEAUTIES OF PROTECTION.

Simply Enables Favored Persons to Raise Prices.

In the Democratic campaign text-book to be issued one chapter will be devoted to the tariff and protection. This chapter in part is as follows:
The tariff question is a business proposition that concerns every man, woman and child, for it taxes the average home \$10 a year, or more. By far the greater part goes to million and billion dollar monopolies, which thrive now as never before in this country.

The price of nearly every article used in the home is higher because of the extravagant protective tariff that the Republicans are "standing pat" on. Every article of clothing, every hat, piece of underwear, every pair of shoes, every pair of silk or cotton, every dress piece of linen, every article of furniture in the house, piece of cutlery, glassware or pottery were in the dining room or kitchen, a pair of soap, a pair of oiled in the house; pound of nearly every article of food on the table, all of these are made dearer by the tariff. Few people are aware of this. They are paying tariff taxes when they are trading at a store. They know, or at least the women who manage the household, that prices have greatly increased during the last five or six years, and that neither of them was so hard to supply the household needs with the money at their disposal. They know that a dollar does not go so far as it used to, though many do not suspect the cause.

The result of this increased cost of living is a two-fold evil: it is to be desired. To claim that a protective tariff does not raise prices is absurd. A tariff that does not raise prices is not protective. The very object of so-called "protection" is to enable certain manufacturers to deplete the market and to receive higher prices for their products than they could do were their customers free to buy in the cheapest market.
The Dingley tariff act, which became a law on July 21, 1897, raised duties on the highest goods ever reached in this country in any other country. Not only are the Dingley duties as high as in the opinion of the House of Representatives necessary to protect manufacturing industries, but those duties were purposely made higher than those of the United States to leave a trading margin; that is to say, so that there would be ample protection left after this margin had been hatched away in the reciprocity agreements which were to be negotiated under sections 2 and 4 of the Dingley act. It is to be noted that the duties which were negotiated between the United States and certain foreign countries in 1897 and 1898 and which would have reduced many of our duties by 30 per cent, were never ratified.

Smacks Too Much of "Pernicious."

(Washington Post.)
Speaker Cannon reports that the "Democrats are making a quiet but formidable canvass." He may yet be compelled to summon Representatives Dalglish and Grosvenor and have the committee rules make an order against such activity.

Knows He is Outclassed.

(Baltimore Herald.)
Governor Hogg recently ventured the prediction that the Democrats would carry Texas. It is evident that he does not know after Hogg's defeat in the election of Grosvenor and James Jones.

Has to Draw the Line Somewhere.

(Baltimore Sun.)
A picture of an American eagle was blown from a Roosevelt and Fairbanks banner at Oyster Bay. There are some things the bird of freedom will not stand for.

Lowered the "Stop" Semaphore.

(Chicago Tribune.)
Secretary Morton may be trusted to see that the Lena does not get out of San Francisco harbor without orders from the chief train dispatcher.

Plenty of Them Around.

(Chicago Journal.)
Senator Fairbanks is said to date on Friday tobacco. He ought have no difficulty in finding the material during his spellbinding tour.

Glad That Much is Settled.

(New York Commercial.)
Mr. Taggart and Mr. Cortelyou so constantly express themselves as pleased that it is almost certain someone will be elected president.

NEW YORKERS HEAR TWO NEW DRAMATIC MASTERPIECES

(Continued from Page 1, Section 2.)

waller inspires a cake walk, naturally, and a song. The chorus is a catchy chop-choy girls. An Italian brings forth four gesticulating daogies, and a quartette of pretty little colleas follow Clarke when he is a comic Irish woman.

In Rice's long service in the cause of public morality he has been an English play as obscure in their native land as "Mr. Wix of Wickham" and made them over into jolly American entertainments. He has here tried to do it in the same old way. If a thing is good once, he seems to think, it must be as good again. He gives the best song to an excellent baritone who used to be attractive in a Rice show. He hasn't stood still during the ten years that Rice has been stationary, and the first-nighters ridiculed the singer's aged juvenility. That started the trouble. The laughter was at the play, instead of with it, and the guying became impolite when a lot of big, beefy women swung themselves for a match in the Rice manner of good old "Adonis." One might have imagined that the lapse of twenty years had been a dream and "Mr. Wix of Wickham" was an immediate successor of the famous run of "Adonis" at the same theatre. Nothing that had happened in the meanwhile affected the new production.

The town talk of eleven years ago was Richard Harlow's Queen Isabella in Rice's "1848," so why a fellow impersonator in "Mr. Wix of Wickham?" The stage was darkened and a strong light thrown on a rustic bridge, upon which appeared a what seemed to be a very pliant and rather pretty young woman, smartly gowned in black, with a flaring hat and a jaunty mauve-colored parasol. The dress had lace sleeves, and that same gauzy fabric revealed the shoulders and breast. The song was of the tenderly suggestive sort, and the dainty dance was of the most modest and bewitching variety. It would be unkind to publish the young man's name; he may repeat and reform in later years. The evening was greeted with applause; and then there was enough applause to drown out the disapproval. You see, it was either the best thing in the show, or the worst, just as the spectator felt about such performances. By this time almost the entire audience had divided itself into two sections, those who quitted the theatre, and those who stayed to see the fun of a fiasco.

Israel Zangwill's heroine in "The Serf," a comic "Governess" is at first a pupil and inculcator of mischief in a convent school, where she tells a fairy tale of a queen who, bored by court formalities by day, turns herself into a white wolf to prowling the forest by moonlight, and saves a young prince from the clutches of a conventional maiden's longing for the joys of freedom. Those things preface that the golden will trot off the den legs into a theatrical rose garden. Also they lead to Cecilia Loftus singing a rollicky ballad of Michael Magnin being the joy of his vicinity, with the school girls for an extravaganza sort of chorus. Two years later, while discussing a projected charity entertainment, she induces a burlesque, mind you, but counterfeits precisely the education of Ellen Terry, Ada Hagan, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Sarah Bernhardt. Thus she perverts Zangwill's matter delicately by making it carry along some vaudeville, burlesque, and so forth, and so forth.

Next comes the time when, for results

from the humdrum and small pay of her days as a governess, she takes to the laxity and life of nights of a vaudeville in a music hall. Now, this is where the audience expects jekyll to become Hyde, that, Cecilia will become Casey. She appears in the cut down and cut up frock of a serio-comic deviline, and we are eager to be shocked. But no. She is intensely emotional because her lover hasn't recognized her, but has winked and leered at her from a box and thought an improper interview. The remainder of the play is devoted to her despair while she says good-bye to him and happiness. That is a kind of a disappointment to those who simply want Cecilia to make snuff of her great satisfaction to those who are glad to see her search her fond ambition as a legitimate actress.

Enigmarelle is a debutant in vaudeville. Her supports to be a mere machine. One of Edgar Allan Poe's articles still preserved as literature was written to prove, by analysis and deduction, that a certain chess player was not an automaton, as his exhibitor said it was, but a small man hidden in the big figure of a Turk. Duplicates of that once puzzling device are common now in museums, and are treated as rather interesting, but not at all mysterious. Now was Enigmarelle, a waif and faking thing introduced here two seasons ago, taken for more than a perfectly palpable joke. But now we have in Enigmarelle a counterfeit automaton impersonated, executed, that many folks believe it genuine. A miniature electric switchboard in the small of its back has a button to push for each kind of action, and the figure of a dummy is heard from the interior. The movements are laborious and uncertain, and the two men in charge keep step with it solicitously. It walks not only, but rides a bicycle and writes its name on a blackboard, all with a profusion of misadventure and mechanism that would have delighted Poe to clean up.

Of course, no automaton ever has been made, or ever will be that walks exactly like a being, shifting its weight and center of gravity from one leg to the other at every stride, yet maintaining its balance in ways that can be directed only by the mind's control of the muscles. The expert observer sees right through the Enigmarelle's work within. Yet the figure's arms and legs are taken off, and its head opened to convince a mass of the spectators that it is lifeless. The fact is, however, that a plenty of space to conceal the operator is left unopened. It is in the neck of the structure and his arms and legs are inserted to the elbows and knees in hollowed-out sections. When he is set on stool to be taken apart the false members are pulled off, like long gloves and high boots, and the real limbs remain in dismemberment, as that of the clown who appears to be broken up and put together again in the pantomimes, and no more. The Enigmarelle is a curious stage debutant.

FRANKLIN FILES.

TORMENTING RHEUMATISM

Columbus, Ohio, May 20, 1903.
Six years ago I had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was laid up in bed for six months, and the doctors I had did me no good. They changed medicines every week and nothing they prescribed seemed to help me. Finally I began the use of S. S. S. My knees and elbow joints were swollen terribly, and at one time my joints were so swollen and painful that I could not close them when opened. I was so bad that I could not move knee or foot. I was getting discouraged, you may be sure, when I began S. S. S. But as I was helping me I continued it, and to-day I am a sound well man and have never had a return of the disease. S. S. S. purified my blood and cured me of this severe case of rheumatism after everything else had failed. I have recommended it to others with good results.

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